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THE LIFE BOAT:

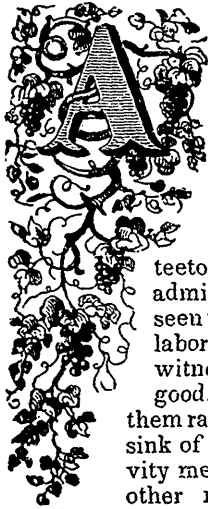
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No. 8.

A Teetotaler's Story.



AMONG the energetic workers of the present day, the teetotalers are unquestionably entitled to take a first place. Those who are not teetotalers cheerfully admit this. We have seen the fruits of their labors, and can bear witness that they are good. We have seen them rise from the very sink of vice and depravity men whom every other missionary had abandoned in despair. We know many whom they have elevated from pauperism into comfort, from pollution into cleanliness, from degradation into respectability, from habitual drunkenness into habitual sobriety.

Many are the thrilling tales that teetotalers could tell, of men dragged from the slough of sin into the pure air and sunlight of social well-being and well-doing. But teetotalers are not literary; the hardest workers among them are working men, who have been their own

educators. They have no time to write tales, even if they had the literary culture. But teetotal literature is advancing, and the day may come when some genius may arise from the ranks of the teetotalers, to portray the condition of the drunkard, and stir up a universal desire to alleviate their lot, and rescue them from the depths of vice and misery.

We shall never forget a tale of a rescued drunkard, told by one of the teetotal lecturers. It was a statement of his own experience, and its truth can at this day be attested by thousands. The story was told in a rather broad, uncouth dialect, for the speaker had originally been a factory workman, and had raised himself by his own industry and energy, chiefly in this very teetotal cause, to a respectable and highly useful position in society. We despair of being able to impart to our readers the full force of the story as told by the narrator, or to produce anything like the thrilling effect which he produced upon the meeting in question—for there is an electric influence in the spoken words which is lost when it is attempted to commit them to the written paper: "I was out on my first teetotal

journey," said the narrator, "and was very new to my mission. I remember that I was dressed in a velveten cut-away coat, with white mother-of-peril buttons—just a raw factory lad, full of enthusiasm for the cause; but that is worth a good deal, as you know.

"I reached a town in the northern part of the country. It was a fine summer evening, when I went out into the street to address the people. I borrowed a chair from a poor woman, after being rebuffed from several doors, and carrying it into an open space, near which some children were playing, and laboring people sauntering about after their day's work, I planted the chair there, mounted it, and began to speak—not without great flutterings at heart, and serious qualms as to the success of my speech.

"At the sound of my voice the children ceased from their plays and gathered round me, and several of the saunterers also turned aside to hear what I had got to say. At first, some thought I was selling pills; others took me for a Mormon; and when I began to talk about teetotalism—this new-fangled doctrine of abstaining altogether from intoxicating drink—my slender audience began to giggle, some of them jeered at 'fustian-jacket,' and several of them guffawed outright. This was not a very encouraging beginning for a raw speaker.

"While I was still talking, I saw a drunken man swaggering along in the distance, with a lot of boys about him calling out names, and provoking him to swear at them in return. He seemed to notice the little group collected about me, and, like most drunken men when they see a crowd, he at once made towards us. Now, thought I, my evening's work is fairly spoilt: this

drunken fellow will put the finisher to my speech; and as he came rolling along, some of the crowd gleefully called out, as if they expected a row, 'Here comes Charley Brown—a real teetotaler; hurrah for Charley!' The children set up a shout; the drunken man staggered in among the audience; and I went on with my speech.

"I could not keep my eyes off the man; he was a frightful example of the degradation to which habitual drunkenness may bring one. He was tall, and powerfully made, but he was clothed in rags, dirty and unkempt, and his face was one mass of red blotch. The man fixed his drunken eyes upon me as I spoke, and I felt encouraged by his attention, degraded and outcast though he looked. I went on, in homely words drawing a picture of the wretched life of the drunkard, his beggard home, his neglected children, and his ruined wife: and urged again and again that the only radical cure was the teetotal one—abstinence, at once and forever, from all intoxicating drinks.

"By this time, some other tipsy men had joined the audience, and I was told that a beer-shop keeper was among them, who kept up a fire of interruption, shouting out 'It's a lie!' 'You're a fool!' and such like; and pieces of rubbish and dirt began to be thrown at me from the outskirts of the crowd.

"At this, the drunken man, whom the crowd had saluted by the name of 'Charley,' strode forward, and pushing his way to where I stood, stretched forth his hand to me. My first thought was, that he meant to pull me down from my chair, and the delighted audience thought so too; but the man called out instead, that I must 'shake hands with him,' which I did at once; and then the man

clapping me on the shoulder, called out, 'Go on, good lad, and let Charley Brown see the man that dares to meddle wi' you!'

"As I afterwards learnt, this Charley was the terror of his neighborhood; he was the greatest fighter in the place, and his bashed face bore many evidences of his pugilism, as well as of his drunkenness. So his patronage at once quelled the rising insults of the crowd, and I was permitted quietly to finish my address. At the end, I offered to take names of any persons present who might be disposed to join the Teetotal Society, and to my surprise—I may almost say dismay—the only one who offered to join was the drunken man 'Charley.' I, of course, regarded his taking the pledge as a joke, and offered to defer it till the following morning. 'No,' said he, 'now, now—I'm your man.' So I took his pledge—I confess reluctantly, and amidst much laughter. No one dared to follow his example—it seemed only too ludicrous.

"Well, I returned the chair to the poor woman from whom I had borrowed it and was about to proceed toward my humble lodging; but Charley would not leave me. He insisted on accompanying me, arm in arm, across the market-place, down the High street—people coming to the doors to see us pass, and wondering what new mischief that drunken pest had been brewing. Charley even insisted on my going to his house to see his wife and family. I consented to go, for I found I could not shake him off; and I was afterward glad I went.

"I was introduced to the Drunkard's Home, and a more destitute, wretched home I never entered. Down several steps from the street, in a house situated in one of the poorest districts of the place, I landed on the clay floor of Charley Brown's

hovel; his wife, ragged and broken-hearted, sat by the hearth with a crying child on her knee, and others about her feet. There was scarcely a scrap of furniture in the room; it had been broken to pieces during the drunken out-breaks of her husband, or pawned by him to supply his ravenous appetite for drink. The children were ragged and dirty. There was no place for me to sit down upon, but I stood a few minutes, and told the trembling wife what was my errand to the town, what her husband had that night promised me—that he would entirely abstain from drink for the future; and, turning to him, said I, 'Charley, I hope you will keep your promise like a man!' 'I will,' said he; 'I'm *determined* that I will; and you shall see.' I confess that I despaired: the case seemed so hopeless. Nevertheless, I tried to hope, and I encouraged him as well as I could, and urged his wife to aid him in his good resolution.

"The poor woman told me her brief and pitiful story. When she married Charley Brown, he was the handsomest fellow in the place, and one of the best workmen, though rather 'gay.' He was a bootmaker to trade, and when he stuck to his work, he could make abundant wages. But latterly he had been making very short time, and every thing that he made, as well as all their furniture and most of their clothing, had gone for drink. It was a story similar to thousands more—fit to make the heart bleed.

"I took my leave, but promising to call in the morning, before leaving town. I did so, and found Charley at his work. He was now quite sober, and distinctly remembered the promise of the previous night. He still said that he was resolved to keep the pledge, and that he would do so. My hopes

about the man were now raised, though they were still very weak; and encouraging him to abide by his good resolution, I left him.

"A year passed, and I revisited the town. Of course, my first thought was, what had become of Charley Brown. Often had I reflected about my first visit, and my one convert; and I wondered whether a character so desperate could by this or any other means be made good for anything. Charley being what is called a 'notorious character' in the town, I had no difficulty in finding him out, though he had removed to another quarter. I knocked at his door and was admitted. Could I believe my eyes? Was this clean and contented looking woman the same whom, wretched and ragged, I had visited in the drunkard's home in — street but a short time ago? Were these healthy children the same that I had seen, peevish and dirty, sprawling on the mud floor of the old beggar's hovel? It was indeed so! The woman sprang to me with a 'God bless you, sir! God bless you!' and shook me cordially by the hand. Oh, how much we owe you, sir—come in, come in!"

"The woman's eyes sparkled with pleasure. She could not do too much for me—offered me the best chair to sit down upon—in-sisted I should have tea and cake—that I must wait until Charley came in—he would be back presently; and I was resolved to see him, for already I saw clearly enough that the cure was fairly at work, and that the drunken convert had unexpectedly proved a good and true man.

"Of course, I enquired the cause of the immense improvement which I saw everywhere around me, in the wife and children, in the furniture of the dwelling, and in the air of comfort which prevailed the

place. The story was soon told. Charley had kept the pledge. It was a terrible struggle with him at first; but he was a man of strong will and great force of purpose; so he persevered—gave up his former acquaintances and stuck to his work. You know Charley is a capital workman—the best boot-maker in the place, sir. So the wages came in on Saturday nights regular. We soon redeemed our furniture and eight-day clock, which lay in pledge; bought better food and better clothes; and a month or two since we removed to this better house. We have now all that we need to make us comfortable; and if Charles perseveres, by God's blessing, we shall be an honor to the cause in this place, sir. Only last night Charles was speaking of sending the youngest boy to school, where the others already are; and then we shall be all in the way of becoming wiser and better. Oh, sir, it was a blessed day for us, that which brought you to this place, and led Charles to 'ake that pledge. It has been the making of us all.' And the tears were now standing full in her eyes, and dropping down her cheeks. For me, I was quite overcome by her story, and felt more encouraged to persevere in the work than ever I had done before.

"Charley soon made his appearance; he had been carrying home some of his work. The alteration was so great in his appearance that I could scarcely have recognized him: he was clean and well dressed; and on conversing with him I found him intelligent and manly—really a fine-hearted fellow at bottom, though his better qualities as a man had so long been obscured and blighted by the accursed drink. We had some delightful conversation together, and the upshot of it was that a teetotal meeting was

determined on for the following evening, when Charley was to appear by me on the platform. The meeting took place, and it was a most successful one. The ice had been fairly broken, and the cause now made steady progress in the town.

"Years passed, and I again visited the scene of my early labors. I wrote to my friend Charles that I was coming by the coach on such a day; and as we drove up to the inn where the coach halted, who should be there but my friend Charley, more improved than ever in appearance. He was now dressed in superfine cloth, and was as spruce as a shopkeeper. He insisted on carrying my carpet-bag; but I almost thought it a shame to allow him to do so—it seemed so much beneath his appearance.

"You will scarcely know us now, sir,—the good cause has prospered us so much."

"I was surprised, indeed, when he led me into the market-place; and there, pointing to a sign-board over a respectable looking shop, I read the words—'Charles Brown, Bootmaker.' I was indeed amazed! My astonishment was increased when, entering his shop, and passing by the valuable stock of goods which it contained, I was introduced up stairs into a comfortable, even handsomely-furnished room, where the tea-things were set out upon the table, and 'Mrs. Brown' was anxiously waiting to give me a hearty welcome.

"I need not pursue the story further. Charles Brown is now one of the most respectable, respected, and thriving inhabitants of his native town; he is owner of a house and lot, and, what is better, is himself a member of a Christian church; and I cite him wherever I go, as one of the most memorable and blessed instances of the reno-

vating, life-giving, and happiness-bestowing power of Teetotalism."

Questions for Liquor Dealers.

BY PRESIDENT WAYLAND.

CAN it be right for me to derive my living from that which is spreading disease, poverty, premature death, through my neighborhood? How would it be in any similar case? Would it be right for me to derive my living from selling poison, or from propagating plague and leprosy around me?

2. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which is debasing the minds and ruining the souls of my neighbors? How would it be in any other case? Would it be right for me to derive my living from the sale of a drug which produced misery or madness; which excited the passions and brutalized the mind and ruined the souls of my fellow-men?

3. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which destroys for ever the happiness of the domestic circle—which is filling the land with woman and children in a condition far more deplorable than that of widows and orphans?

4. Can it be right for me to derive my living from that which accomplishes all these at once, and which it does without ceasing?

5. Do you say that you do not know that the liquor which you are selling will produce these results? Do you not know that nine hundred and ninety-nine gallons produce these effects for one which is used innocently? I ask then—

6. Would it be right for me to sell poison on the ground that there was one chance in a thousand that the purchaser would not die of it?

7. Do you say that you are not

responsible for the acts of your neighbors? Is this clearly so? Is not he who furnishes a murderer with a weapon considered an accomplice?

If these things be so—and that they are so who can dispute—I ask you, my respected fellow-citizens, what is to be done? Let me ask—is not this trade altogether wrong? Why then should we not altogether abandon it? If any man thinks otherwise and chooses to continue it I have but one word to say. My brother, when you order a cargo of intoxicating drinks, think how much misery you are importing into the community. As you store it up, think how many curses you may be heaping together against yourself. As you roll it out of your warehouse, think how many families each cask will ruin. Let your thoughts then revert to your own fire-side, your wife, and your little ones; then look up to him who judgeth righteously and ask yourself, my brother, IS IT RIGHT?

The Guardian Angel.

A LITTLE ragged news-boy went singing his papers along the streets of Boston. His hands were red, and the water leaked into his shoes. Sometimes the crowd ceased in its pulsation for a moment, and eager visaged men caught at the Traveler or the Times, and went thoughtlessly onward. Then the News-boy would hitch up his ragged trowsers, pull on more firmly the queer old cap that hugged his crown, and start off with the dismal sing-song peculiar to his vocation. His bundle was lessed to a duplicate edition, when his attention was attracted by a loud voice. Turning the corner a motley group met his

sight. Perched upon a temporary stand; stood a tall, energetic man lecturing the throng that seemed listening in spell-bound silence. One sentence shrill and sorrowful, struck the ear of the ragged news-boy, stopped his dismal song and his steps together, so that he was magnetized with the rest. It was this: "His father is a drunkard! puir, puir child," continued the lecturer, his slight Scottish accent lending beauty to his eloquence, "there's næthing at home for him—not even a crust in the auld closet. He must work the day long, tramping through summer's heat and winter's storm; he must hear the curses of his father, and witness the tears of his mother. He has no warm clothes and his little heart swells anigh to bursting when he passes the well-dressed children of sober parents. And who pities him?" he asked, raising his hands and eyes to heaven. "Does the rum-seller? Na—he laughs his tears to scorn. Does the rich man? Na—too often he kicks him from his doorstep, and drives him from the sweet smell of the kitchen where the meat is roasting. Do the angels pity him? Yes, for what else but the wings of the angels could keep the puir boy warm? Doesn't God pity him—O! dinna ask him that question, for God is especialiy the God of the drunkard's bairn."

The news-boy stood with his papers hanging from his arm, salt tears running fast and unwiped from his eyes, his lips hanging and quivering, and now and then a sob swelling up from his throat. Dismal, dismal! thought he, he was a drunkard's child. His back had borne the blows of a drunken hand and felt the kick of a drunken foot—alas! Presently he wiped the tears away with his ragged sleeve, and with a choking voice

took up the burden of his song ; but there was no heart in it.

“ O ! misther, misther, say something for my father.”

The lecturer bent his head. A little upturned face, wet with tears, looked wistfully in his own ; one little bony hand tugged at his coat tail, from the other depended several fluttering newspapers. In that young face there was a strange mingling of entreaty, joy, hope and misery, that went up to the strong man’s heart.

“ Say a something for me father,” whispered the small voice again : “ I’s been tellin’ him of yes, and mabby you can tache him not to be a drunkard—oh ! misther, say something for me father.”

Looking in the direction he pointed, the lecturer saw a man clothed in rags, shame faced and half-hiding himself behind a pillar. With the pitiful look of the drunkard’s child for a text, he launched forth again. Little by little the cowering form made itself visible, the hands came together with a tremendous clasp, the blood-shot eyes grew human with feeling, the soul of the drunkard had been roused into something like life—his feelings were touched, and at last his eyes fell upon the child he had given life but to curse in its dawning. O ! the remorse that came at once into his haggard face !—It was almost awful to behold. Huddling his rags together, he hurried from the spot, and the little news-boy with tears unshed, and sobs unspoken, went on his way crying tremulously,—“ ere’s Traveller—only two cents.”

“ I want to spake to ye sir—God bless you,” said a man in a low fervent tone—and then he added, again, drawing a hard breath, “ God bless ye forever, sir ! ”

The man was well dressed, and held by the hand a boy whose form

was clothed in new garments from head to foot.

“ Ah ! this is my little friend,” said the lecturer, kindly laying his hand on the shoulder of the child.

“ It’s me guardian angel, he is, sir,” repeated the father, with a look that cannot be put on paper—“ my guardian angel, that’s saved me out of a pit of black destruction,” said the man, breaking down fairly as he spoke, tears running freely over his rough cheeks. “ Oeh ! blessed be to God, sir, that

He ever gave me the crature. It’s the patient, kind boy he’s been to me, sir, iver since he was that high, and shame to me before my God that I didn’t trate him with common humanity—but oh, sir, ye don’t know what an angel he’s been ;” and again bursting into tears, he struggled with his feelings, while the honest lecturer was too much affected to speak.

“ He’s took me home of nights, sir, when I was that bad I’d a’ frozen stiff afore morning come ; he’s brought me my food, sir, when I laid swearin’ at home on my bed—and he’s that patient, sir—that—patient, that, that if I kicked him from one end of the room to the other, he’d niver turn about and say the bad word. Oh ! hasn’t he been my guardian angel every minnit of me wicked, drunken life ?”

The boy stood looking fixedly at the ground, his cheeks red, his hands in his pockets, while over the quivering lip stole the tears.

“ Well, my friend,” spoke the lecturer, “ this is good news—glorious news ! ”

“ And you will come and see me ?” asked the man, almost ringing the hand of the other. “ It’s not only the new clothes that I’ve got but a dacent room for me wife and child, and what’s more, there’s bread and meat in the closet, and

comforts about us. If you'll only say the word, its the proud and happy woman Judy's be, and me-self in the bargain; ye'll come—say, and take tay with us.

With a smile and promise the good man went his way, and every ragged little news-boy he saw—he thought of the guardian angel.—*Olive Branch.*

The Rechabites.

THE English traveller, William Buckingham, mentions in some parts of recent narrative of his travels in Asia, that he visited the Rechabites, who still live in tents, and adhere faithfully to their pledge, in obedience to the command of Jonadab their father. But we have another witness to the present existence of this remarkable people in the Rev. Joseph Woolf, a Missionary of great celebrity, who states as follows: "On my arrival at Mesopotamia, some Jews that I saw there, pointed me to one of the ancient Rechabites. He stood before me wild, like an Arab, holding the bridle of his horse in his hand. I showed him the Bible in Hebrew and Arabic, which he was rejoiced to see, as he could read both languages, but had no knowledge of the New Testament. After having proclaimed to him the tidings of salvation, and made him a present of the Hebrew and Arabic Bibles and Testaments, I asked him, "Whose descendant are you?"—"Mossea," said he boisterously, "is my name, and I will show you who are my ancestors." On which, he immediately began to read from the 5th to the 11th verse of Jeremiah 35.—"Where do you reside?" said I. Turning to Gen. x. 27, he replied, at Hadoram, now called Sanan by the

Arabs,—and again referring to the same chapter, 30th verse, he continued, "At Mesha, now called Macca, in the deserts around those places, we drink no wine, and plant no vineyard, and sow no seed; and live in tents, as Jonadab our father commanded us.—Hobab was our father too. Come to us, and you will find us *sixty thousand* in number, and see thus that the prophecy has been fulfilled."—"Therefore thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel; Jonadab the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me forever," and saying this, Mossea the Rechabite mounted on his horse and fled away, leaving behind a host of evidence in favor of Sacred Writ."

The same respectable Missionary describes the Rechabites as fine, healthy looking men, of great simplicity, of kind manners, and very intelligent.

Vanilla.

THE vanilla, so much prized for its delicious flavor, is the product of a vine which grows to the top of the loftiest trees. Its leaves resemble somewhat those of the grape; the flowers are red and yellow, and when they fall off are succeeded by the pods, which grow in clusters like our ordinary beans; green at first, they change to yellow, and finally to a dark brown. To be preserved, they are gathered when yellow, and are put in heaps for a few days to ferment. They are afterwards placed in the sun to dry, flattened by the hand, and carefully rubbed with cocoanut oil, and then packed in dry plantain leaves, so as to confine their powerful aromatic odor. The vanilla bean is the article used to scent snuff, flavor ice-creams, jellies, etc. The plant grows in Central America, and other hot countries.

The Colporteur and the Man with a Jug.



ABOUT six years ago a colporteur of the American Tract Society was traveling on horseback through one of the most mountainous portions of Cherokee Georgia, laden with books for distribution and sale. When passing through a narrow gorge between two hills, where there was scarcely room for more than one person to pass, he met a man with a jug. The jug had no handle, but was held by an old, greasy leathern string tied around its neck. The colporteur accosted him:

"Good morning, sir, can I sell you a book?"

"No, sir; I have no money," was the reply.

"Where are you going my friend with that jug?"

"To the still house, sir."

"Suppose you take the money with which you propose to buy the whiskey and buy a good book; and I promise it will be better for you."

"Well, sir, I have no money—I am to get the whiskey on credit."

"Well, my friend, I will make another proposition—I will buy your jug and give you a book for it. You can then go home and read your book, and do without the liquor. What do you say to that?"

The man with the jug hesitated a while, and then replied, "I will let you have the jug."

The colporteur took the jug and gave him a copy of the Temper-

ance Manual, and, hanging the new purchase on his arm, journeyed on till night, when he gave the jug to the lady of the house at which he spent the night. He visited several families before night, however, carrying the jug, which was a great matter of astonishment and wonder to all who saw him, and the question was frequently asked, "What are you doing with that jug?"

The colporteur heard nothing more of the man from whom he bought the jug until this year, during the sitting of the Supreme Court in the county of C—, six years having elapsed: Being at court, still engaged in colporteurage for the Tract Society, he was accosted by a gentleman with the inquiry:

"Do you remember trading for a jug, several years ago, in the hills about here?"

"I do," replied the colporteur.

"Yonder," said the gentleman pointing to a sober looking man "is the man from whom you bought it. He was at the time you met him a drunkard—a pest to society.

"Now he is a sober man, and has been ever since the day you took the jug away from him. He is now an orderly and consistent member of the church, and enjoys religion. He is industrious and supports his family well; whereas, while he owned the jug he did little else than make his visits to the still house, and fill and empty his jug."

The colporteur, feeling some interest, inquired of the man how the change was so suddenly wrought on him. "Was it the tract?" "No," said he, "it was your determination and the interest you seemed to manifest in my welfare; and besides this, you took my jug, and that set me thinking;

then I went home and read the tract, and determined, by the help of God, I would never drink another drop, and I have been enabled to keep that promise."

This is a plain, unvarnished tale, and shows how much may be done by strong personal efforts. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

The First Wrong Step.

OFTEN had I been cautioned against the insidious approaches of intemperance; and my father's maxim was, they only are positively safe who refrain from taking the first step. This caution I soon learned to ridicule. It was well enough, I thought, for those who had no power of self-control, to avoid all contact with the exhilarating cup; but as for myself, I had too good an opinion of my own resolution to doubt my power of abstinence, whenever I pleased to exercise it. I felt no difficulty in enjoying myself in this way in moderation, and even should I, for the sake of good companionship, indulge in occasional excess, I could prevent it from degenerating into a slavish habit. Thus I reasoned, and thus I blinded myself. I made the first false step; for some time I advanced, but still could perceive no danger. I began moderately, and only increased in quantity as I felt my system, from a little practice, abler to bear it. For several years I was sensible of no very serious evils resulting from the enjoyment. But at length I suffered the shame of a public exposure in a state of beastly intoxication. For a moment I relented, and determined to tax my resolution for an entire reform. It shall be so, I said; but it was not so. I felt chained like a galley-slave; my efforts to abstain only convinced me that I had

placed myself under the power of a demon who could retain his prisoner. I was, in short, an irreclaimable drunkard; and each succeeding day only sunk me deeper in the abyss of degradation and ruin, from which I might have been saved by guarding the first step.

Similar has been my career in other vices; the lustful thought has entailed licentious habits; anger in the heart has led to malice and revenge; and here at length lies the victim of those vices, worn out in body, broken down in reputation, lost in self-respect, shocked at the recollection of the past, affrighted in view of the future. Oh! how different might it have been had I been careful to guard against the first step in sin.—*Confession of a Drunkard.*

The Song of a Slave.

A slave was singing his song,
A song of the wild and free,
He was thinking of boyhood scenes, which
long,
Long since had ceased to be.

I played in the ocean wave;
I play'd on the wide sea-shore;
I play'd in the wild wood, midst hills
which gave
An echo to Ocean's roar.

I lean'd on my mother's breast,
She sang to my heart at night:
She fed me, she cloth'd me—hush'd me to
rest,
Then, then I was full of delight.

I danc'd to the banjo's tune;
I hunted with arrow and snare;
I rovd thro' the woods from morning till
noon:
My young heart was free from care.

I lov'd with my father to work;
To gather the dates and yams;
I lov'd on the rivulet banks to lurk,
And play with the goats and lambs.

Oh, but for one blithesome day
Which made my childhood so bright!
When the friends whom I lov'd, now far
away,
Were always blessing my sight.

But grief now has eaten my soul,
Despair my spirit hath crush'd;
The waves of anguish that over me roll,
By no loving voice are hushed.

My wife and children were sold,
And weeping, were driven away.
My daughters desfil'd and must it be told?
They are reckless, lewd and gay.

My sons in fear of the whip
Crouch down at the white man's feet;
They learn'd fall soon strong drink to sip,
And to lie, and steal, and cheat.

Oh could we our poor souls save,
And rise to a better state;
The sufferings of earth we could bear and
and brave,
Though ever so hard our fate.

But we are all steep'd in sin,
We are slaves, and slaves must be;
We ever shall rage and curse our black
skin,
Through time and eternity.

And so I must laugh and sing,
And drown my grief if I can,
Yet I cannot forget that inward sting—
I was born to be a man.

Such was the song of the slave,
A slave decrepid and old;—
His conscience more clam'rous when near
the grave.

Would to God every white man had heard
him rave,
When this sad story he told!

Won't let it Alone.

YOU let it alone, and it will let you alone," said a liquor seller to me, as I urged him, in consideration of the public good, to abandon the traffic. But it is not true. Thousands and thousands in our state never use intoxicating drinks themselves; they let the liquor alone, yet their sufferings in consequence of its use by others are great, and ought not to be endured.

Mrs. Albro is a lady of superior talent and education. In early days, and for the first few years of her married life, she was surrounded by kind, loving friends, and had all that her heart could desire.—Multitudes almost envied her as

they viewed the beautiful mansion, her peaceful and happy home with her affectionate husband, and beautiful and well behaved children.

But a sad change has come over her.—That kind and faithful husband began to visit with boon companions, a fashionable saloon; he soon acquired an appetite for strong drink. The habit increased.—He soon become an inebriate—a loathsome drunkard. His business was neglected—his property was wasted—his mansion was sold by the sheriff, his family reduced to penury and want.

In a few short years the once happy Mrs. Albro found herself the wife of a man who seemed to take a fiendish delight in abusing her and her children, and making her life wretched beyond description. At length, her spirit crushed by her once loving husband, the body emaciated and sick from her privations and sufferings, she and her little ones are carried to the almshouse, while the father and husband is in prison for crime committed in a drunken spree.

Now Mrs. Albro and her children let liquor alone, but did it let them alone?

Mrs. Albro is but the representative of at least twenty thousand women in this state who with their children are suffering more than language can express, in consequence of the traffic in strong drink. Yet they let it alone but it won't let them alone.

Need we say such persons ought to be protected?

There is another class in the community which liquor will not leave alone, though they may be total abstinence men.

To say nothing of the interest every man has in the public morals of society—the peace, happiness and prosperity of the people at

large; every tax payer is injured by the traffic, and has a right to claim protection by law.


It is shown beyond all reasonable doubt from official documents, that three-fourths of the criminal prosecutions and seven-eighths of the entire amount of pauperism in the land may be traced to strong drink. Of course, three-fourths of the expense of the whole system of criminal jurisdiction, the cost and interest on cost, of all our jails, penitentiaries and prisons of all descriptions, are attributable to this cause. The men who pay the enormous taxes necessary for these purposes, may let liquor alone, but I won't let them alone.

The man whose ship is wrecked and property destroyed, because strong drink has caused the commander or pilot to err in his vision or stumble in judgment, may never use liquor himself, yet suffers in consequence of the traffic and its use by others.

We may safely aver that there is not a man, woman or child in the country, who is not injured, directly or indirectly, by the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

There is then no truth in the declaration, "if you let liquor alone, it will let you alone—it won't hurt you, if you don't use it." It does injure every one of us.—*Cong. Herald.*

Patriotic.

 SHORT time since, says the Louisville Times, there was a terrible thunder storm at Niagara Falls. In the reading-room of the International, sat a staid, sober, middle-aged man, absorbed in the contents of a newspaper—never heeding the raging of the elements around him. Then came a clap of thunder, louder, more terrific than any which preceded, reverberating with innum-

erable echoes through the gorge, and the accompanying lightning throwing a lurid glare upon everything. Our quiet man deliberately raised his head above the edge of his paper, and as deliberately remarked, "That's on the American side—they can't get up such thunder in the Queen's dominions!" and then resumed his reading without another word.

The Bird-Catcher.

BY LYMAN BLANCHARD.

A little boy was once told he could catch a bird by dropping salt on his tail. The following lines were written on seeing him try the experiment:

Gently, gently yet, young stranger,
Light of heart and light of heel!
Ere the bird perceives its danger,
On it slyly steal.

Silence!—ah! your scheme is failing—
No: pursue your pretty prey;
See, your shadow on the paling
Startles it away.

Caution! now you're nearer creeping;
Nearer yet—how still it seems!
Sure, the winged creature's sleeping,
Wrapt in forest dreams.
Golden sights that bird is seeing—
Nights of green, or mossy bough;
Not a thought it had of fleeing;
Yes, you'll catch it now.

How your eyes begin to twinkle!
Silence! and you'll scarcely fail,
Now stoop down and softly sprinkle
Salt upon its tail.
Yes, you have it on your tether,
Never more to skim the skies;
Lodge the salt on that long feather—
Ha! it flies! it flies!

Hear it—hark!—among the bushes,
Laughing at your idle lures;
Boy, the self-same feeling gushes
Through my heart and yours.
Baffled sportsman, childish mentor,
How have I been—hapless fault!
Led, like you, my hopes to center
On a grain of salt!

On what captures I've been counting,
Stooping here, and creeping there;
All to see my bright hope mounting
High into the air.
Thus have children of all ages,
Seeing bliss before them fly,
Found their hearts but empty cager,
And their hopes—on high.

Cadets of Temperance.

THAT our youth should be early indoctrinated in the principles of total abstinence, no friend of Temperance will question. As to the best means of accomplishing this end, there may be an honest difference of opinion. Opinions, habits, sentiments, cherished in childhood and youth, are the most tenaciously maintained in after life. To be well rooted and grounded in the faith of Temperance, in early years, is a very strong pledge of a life of sobriety and virtue. Among the institutions which have challenged the attention and sympathy of the people, is the Order of the "Cadets of Temperance." That this Order has accomplished a vast amount of good, must be admitted; the extent of its benign influence will never will be known until the records of eternity are unsealed. This Order has in many places ceased to exist, and in others it only has a name to live, while in a very few localities it is still strong and effective for good. Its failures are attributable not to defects in the organization itself, nor to the want of interest among the youth, but to the neglect, inattention, and indifference of parents, guardians, and other adult friends of Temperance. The best of us are disposed to grow weary in well doing, and we often permit other and less important duties to command our attention. Whenever a few devoted, constant, untiring men have stood by the "Cadets," and always attended their meetings, aided and counselled them in their work, they have flourished and grown strong. The Sons of Temperance have always felt the necessity of training the young, and leading them in the paths of virtue; and hence, when the "sections" began to disband, they commenced modifying

their own Constitution so as to embrace their younger brothers in their Order. At the last session of the National Division, the Constitution was changed so as to admit the youth of both sexes at the age of fourteen—the boys as members, and the girls as visitors. It was not the design to break up the section of Cadets, where that Order existed, but to afford a refuge for such as could obtain no other place of safety. In North Carolina, and, perhaps, in some other States, the youth still have their Subordinate and Grand Sections, and we hope that, in all cities and villages where they can be maintained, there will be no effort by the "Sons" to supplant them, but on the contrary, give them every encouragement to maintain their Order.

We insist that our younger brothers, who are soon to take our place in the ranks of prohibition, shall not regard the National Division as assuming a hostile attitude to them. We have been induced to refer to this subject from reading the interesting account of the meeting of the Grand Section of North Carolina, published in the *Greensboro' Times*. The friends of Temperance in the old North State have reason to be proud of their young soldiers, and ought to encourage them in their work. We wish that every State, city, village and hamlet in the land were full of Cadets of Temperance. *Crusader*.

The Kingdom of Intemperance.

BY REV. JOHN MARSH.

Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues—Rev. xviii. 4.

THIS was a voice from heaven, calling upon the people of God to break all connection with Mystery, Babylon. The same

voice bids them flee from the kingdom of intemperance; as truly the mother of abominations, "drunken with blood."

Of this kingdom it may be said,

1. It is an ancient kingdom. It was founded before Greece, or Rome, or Nineveh, or Babylon. Soon after leaving the ark, Noah took of the fruit of the vine and was drunken.--And while kingdom after kingdom has passed away, this has stood. To this Belshazzar and his lords paid homage, Alexander, the conqueror of the world, bowed before it and was slain. Before this, imperial Rome fell. And in modern ages, it has laid claim, by the Arab's arts, to unceasing duration.

2. It is an extensive kingdom; bounded by no landmarks, no rivers, no oceans. It is the dominion of appetite. It has supporters and slaves in the palaces of princes, in the halls of legislation, in courts of justice, in sanctuaries and pulpits, in schools and colleges, amid polar snows and burning climes, on the land and sea, on every continent and every Island. Wherever man lives, there is found the victim of intemperance.

3. It is a deceitful kingdom. It is founded on a lie. It says "Drink, and be blessed;" but death is in its cup. "Drink and be blessed;" but disease and poverty, madness, grief, widowhood, orphanage, murders of bodies and murders of souls come in its train. **ITS TRAFFIC IS A LIE.** Every advertisement is a lie. It calls evil good, and good evil. It says to the nations, "I will fill all your treasuries with gold, and your firesides with bliss." But it mocks them with poverty and tears, with plagues and death.

4. It is a cruel kingdom. Every dram-shop is a field of blood. "I

followed," said one, "the business of selling rum fourteen years, and I had on my day-book seven hundred and forty-three customers, of whom two hundred and three became drunkards." "I followed it," says another, "thirty years, and I have no more doubt that I slew a hundred men, my own friends and neighbors, than if I had taken a gun and shot them dead at my feet." "**BLOOD IS ON ITS WALLS, ITS FLOORS, ITS GARDENS, ITS WALKS, ITS GROVES.**" Its victim writhes in agony. With nerves unstrung, muscles clothed with dreadful energy, a system racked with pain—before his disordered vision come horrid forms from the deeps of hell. He groans, he cries, he begs for death. She fills him another cup, and binds him in more fearful chains. A million captives grind in her prison-house, and their families lick the dust.

5. It is a kingdom of deadly hostility to the kingdom of Christ. It slaughters ministers. It burns the Bible; laughs at the Sabbath; blasts revivals, turns communicants into babblers, raises up an army in every village who cry out with stammering tongues, "Away with him, crucify him," and it hands over, year by year, thousands and thousands for whom Christ died, to eternal wailing.

And yet, God's people have been in LEAGUE with it. They have distilled, have carried, have bought, have sold, have drunk its deadly cup, have put the bottle to their neighbor's mouth, and received to Communion those who have supported its cruel throne. But a voice says,

"**COME OUT OF HER.**"

THE CALL IS PRACTICABLE. It can be done. Millions have abandoned her traffic and adopted the principle of total abstinence from all that intoxicates, and suffered

nothing.—What one can do, another can.

THE CALL IS IMPERATIVE. It must be done.

CONSISTENCY demands it. A Christian must have no fellowship with intemperance. For how can he say to his fallen brother, STAND BY, while he puts the bottle to his own lips or sells the poison? The Church is to save the world? But how can she do it while leagued with intemperance?

Safety demands it. BLOOD GUILTINESS will be theirs if they refuse. And its plagues will be theirs. "Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Can one go upon hot coals and his feet not be burned?" "Wo unto him that giveth his neighbor drink." And, "Wo unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink." As the fire devoureth the stubble and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust."

Love requires it. "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." "Whosoever offends one of these little ones, that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea."

The progress of Temperance calls for it. "I can do nothing," said a Temperance agent, "when the Church is in league with intemperance."

And above all, it must be done for the prosperity of Zion.

Done, to secure respect.

Done for the preservation of her members.

Done to secure the Holy Spirit, the conversion of sinners, the salva-

tion of the heathen, and the coming of the millennium.

And done NOW. To-day.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Temperance in Revivals.

I WAS laboring in a protracted meeting in the Congregational Church in a New Hampshire village. There was much intemperance there, and the wife of the principal hotel-keeper was a member of the church. Seeing her and her husband both at the meeting one afternoon, I made some very pointed remarks on the evils of intemperance, and particularly on the character of those who continued those evils, by trafficking in ardent spirits. Many of the church, too, I knew, used much of the poison, and there was doubtless need of plain dealing. At the close of the exercise that afternoon, the minister in a suppressed tone that told how he felt, said to me, "it wont do; it wont do, to come out so on that subject; you'll stop the revival." I told him I had no opinion of a revival among drunkards and rum sellers, and that my way to promote righteousness, was to preach against sin—existing sin, and that such a course would hinder no true revival. He doubted and feared, but allowed me to proceed.

Two days after, the taverner, to my surprise, invited me to his house. The conversation, of course, turned upon his business. He seemed pleased, and yet I wondered why; for he was faithfully warned of the danger of continuing in such a course. He had a number of sons, some of them nearly grown to manhood, and he was told what fearful consequences might attend exposing them to such temptations. At length, he rose

hastily up and beckoned me to follow him. I did so, and he conducted me to the bar-room, and throwing open the bar, I saw that it was "empty, swept and garnished." "There," said he, with emphasis, "I've done." He was done. A pitcher of cold water and a waiter of tumblers were all that remained of a well furnished establishment. He was done; for himself and nearly every member of his family became true converts, and are now foremost in every good work. Others of the craft soon followed, and in less than two months, not a drop of strong drink was sold in that village. The revival went on. No one ever dreamed that it was less extensive or less beneficial, on account of plain preaching against existing sins.—*Sketches of Revivals.*

Temperance and Missions.

I AM persuaded, from many years of past experience, that God will not bless the cause of missions on this side India with any extensive success, till the missionaries of the Cross take up the thorough Temperance principle. On receiving the converted Hindoos into the Christian Church, if the Missionary does not exhort them to continue in the same pure (abstinence) principle in which they have been educated from their youth, and set the same example in his own person, a flood of intemperance, with all its crimes, will come in upon the infant Church and spread over India, and all our missionary efforts will end, in the whole, a curse and not a blessing to the country."—*Arch-Deacon Jeffreys, Bombay.*

"What plan," said one actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

The Week.

The Week seven daughters had;
Six unto toil were given,
The seventh in beauty clad
Did naught from morn till even.

They washed, they cook'd, they swept;
They worked unceasingly;
But feeling wronged, they wept
That she toiled not as they!

And to the Week they came,
"Why should one daughter rest,
Faring each day the same,
And being better drest?"

And the Week thus replied,
"She unto God was given!
From birth was set aside
An offering unto heaven.

Her work is all unseen;
She worketh silently,
As streamlet through the green
Keeps on its peaceful way.

Ye do the outward part,
& leaning each plate and bowl;
She careth for the heart,
And purifies the soul!

Let each her station fill
As she hath talents given;
So shall ye do God's will,
And fit yourselves for heaven!"

Indian Summer.

There is a time, just ere the frost
Prepares to pave old Winter's way,
When Autumn in a reverie lost,
The mellow day-time dreams away;
When Summer comes, in musing mind,
To gaze once more on hill and dell;
To mark how many sheaves they bind,
And see if all is ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low,
The dying flowers look up and give
Their sweetest incense ere they go,
For her who made their beauties live.
She enters 'neath the woodland shade,
Her zephyrs lift the lingering leaf
And bear it gently where are laid
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

ANSWERS

TO PUZZLES FOR PASTIMES IN LAST NO.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.—1. A Blush
2. Punch. 4. Bridegroom 5. The Tongue
6. Rainbow. 7. Moonshine. 8. Lightning
9. Heirloom. 10. Eye. 11. Answers it-
self. 12. Coronet. 13. Banditti. 14.
Tunic. 15. Badinage. 16. Cab-in-et.